302 "What will they think at home? Here I went mourning and I come back smelling so pretty."

853 All my children were nursed with my own milk. Now you take all these children that were not natural nursed—they were [856] raised on all kinds of milk, and they don't know how to listen 861 and they have no pity on their fellow men. . . . If my children don't listen to me I used to just grab them and give them a good whipping. I have whipped my grandchildren, too. But since the time one of them died, in an accident away from home, I have pitied the rest and I don't whip them anymore.

342 I was raised around a tipi, and I have used one for most of my camping life. When we quit camping in a tipi then we started to use a wall tent, because we were too old to handle 574 the tipi poles. My husband always used to invite a lot of people to our camp. If he saw some visitor walking around he would tell me: "There are some people who have just arrived, you had better cook for them." Someone would be sent to invite them, and then they would be fed. I used to get a lot of visiting relatives from the Blackfeet in Montana. My grandfather took one of his wives from there, and she had a lot of relations. But most of them are dead now.

Something funny happened to me one of those times that my husband invited guests. I was always rushing around to get all my work done. I had a big wooden box in which I kept all my foodstuffs when we were camping. This time I took out a big bunch of eggs and set them down. Then I did some other work, and by the time I turned back to cook I forgot about the eggs. I sat down on them, and all of a sudden I felt something very sticky under me. I jumped up and my children all started laughing. They said. "Mother, your rear end is just yellow from all the eggs you sat on." I had to change all my clothes in a hurry, while my children just kept on laughing and giggling. Finally I told them to quit laughing and help set the table for our guests.

159
Lighter's Staff, and the Blackfoot Rider's Staff. 852
[George only painted for some of these Bundles.] 778
In one day I took four Medicine hats. My face 425
was painted and wiped and then repainted again, [302]
four times, as I went through four ceremonies in one day. [He means that when he was young, four different Medicine headdresses were transferred to him in one day. Thus, his parents spoiled [855]
their only child in a socially acceptable way.]

My father's name was Dog Child. My mother's name was The Only Handsome Woman; her other name was Catching Another Horse, but she was never called by that name. She was one of three sisters, and her mother said she was the only handsome woman. So that became her name. My father's name used to be Singing Amongst, but he changed that. My name was given to me from the war deeds of my uncle, Striped Wolf. He was the first one to ride a horse taken from the enemy. So I got the name First Rider. I didn't have the same name with my father. [Most of our People today carry the names of former relatives as their inherited family names. But they also have one or more personal, Indian names by which they are referred to in the Blackfoot language.] 551 553 159

159
I was born with long hair. My mother used 856
Indian perfume—boiled cedar needles—to wet [302]
my hair. That is why I got long hair.
I must have been about five years old when I [824]
was able to go riding on my own. 159
When I was a little boy I was taken to the [857]
Holy Lodge. I had two grandmothers [older female [852]
relatives, not necessarily biological grandmothers]. [602]
They each one gave me a Sun Dance necklace, [431]
my childhood property. I must have been eight years old when a horned Medicine headdress was given to me.

When I was thirteen years old I started riding 883
racehorses. I was sixteen years old when I started 526
to learn bronc riding. But soon my father made 159
me quit. He said, "There is no future in it. It is [829]
the white man's life. An Indian will compete in a

[p. 234-B]

462 the description of cooking and staying indoors as female duties. Small wonder that the young Blood of today strongly 183 reject Cook-Baker and Store Keeper. Further, this quotation 827 testifies to the universality of the meaningfulness of physical ability among the Blood. Both man and woman are to expect and overcome hardship to perform their socially significant tasks. This necessity was illustrated in the hardiness training mentioned by Thompson and in the jests and jibes of the tippling thief toward his wives. Schultz comments further on this aspect.

175 827 [291] [515]

> I went on several of these hunts when the weather was so cold that a buffalo hide froze stiff as it dropped away from the cut of the knife; yet the Indians skinned their quarry barehanded. . . . The Indians wore only a couple of shirts, a pair of blanket or cowskin leggings, fur cap, buffalo robe, gloves, and moccasins--no socks. Yet they never froze, nor even shivered from the cold. They attributed their indifference to exposure to the beneficial effect of their daily baths, which were always taken, even if a hole had to be cut in the ice for the purpose. [856] And they forced their little children to accompany them, [863] little fellows from three years of age up, dragging the unwilling ones from their beds and carrying them under their arms to the icy plunge.[53]

175 826 A freezing dip in the river speaks strongly for a concern over health and vitality as does the image of dragging squalling youngsters to the bath. This concern also extends to the previously mentioned vanity and attractiveness.

> Came from the north, from the camp of our brother tribe, the Bloods, four young men to visit friends in our camp, and one of them was Low Horn, he who was nicknamed